THE DEMOCRAT

B. H. ADAMS, Publisher.

CAPE GIRARDEAU - MISSOURI

"DRIFTER."

By GEORGE E. WALSH.

"POOR little fellow! Let me see your paw. Does it hurt so much? Drifter will try to make it better. He'll tie this bandage around it, an' to-morrow the pain will be all gone."

Drifter was crouching down in the corner of the cage occupied by a large red fox, holding one of the paws of the animal in his hands. To his words of sympathy the suffering fox responded with a dismal moan.

"Yes, it's too bad—too bad! But we all have to suffer sometimes."

He patted the animal on the head and stroked the sleek body until the moaning ceased. A sudden wild crash of music disturbed him in his soothing process.

"There; I'll have to leave you now; they're coming."

He rose from his position by the fox's side and stepped outside of the cage just as the head of a regiment of wild animals came trooping into the tent. There were elephants and bears, dogs and cats, pigs and donkeys, birds, rabbits, a female leopard, a lordly lion, and a surly-looking tiger with a chain attached to its hind foot.

As the elephants reached the tent they trumpeted loudly and swung their heads from side to side. The dogs barked and frisked about under the legs of the big brutes. The leopard skulked slyly along the edge of the tent, as if it would spring upon its prey, and the tiger with the chain snapped savagely at a donkey that trotted too near it. The lion stalked along, voiceless and majestic, neither turning to the right nor left.

Drifter faced this approaching cavalcade of wild beasts unflinchingly, and as the head of the troop reached the line of cages, he shouted:

"Hi, there, Tip and Tom! Where are you going?"

He raised his hand to stop the two elephants, and then turned them in their course as easily as if they had been horses.

"Here, Bill, jump into your cage!" he cried to one of the black bears, "an' you, Bruno, go on to yours."

"Stop that fighting, Sly," and he made as if he would strike the snarling leopard, which was threatening a tall, formidable-looking Dane hound.

In a moment he was right in the midst of the medley of trained animals, directing this one to its cage and that one to its stall. Mr. Tempster, the trainer of the animals, came hurrying up from the rear at this juncture and assisted him in caging the most unruly ones. When they were all locked up securely for the night it was nearly one o'clock.

Drifter then rolled himself up in a blanket and went to sleep on a pile of tent covering and bagging. The animals dropped off to sleep one after another; but the suffering fox could find no release from its pain in slumber. All through the night it moaned softly, but dismally. The other animals were too sleepy to be disturbed by the noise.

In the short, restful sleep that followed, Drifter dreamed that he was no longer a mere boy-of-all-work among the circus animals, but a full-fledged and successful trainer and performer.

This had been Drifter's ambition ever since Mr. Tempster had taken pity on him in the streets, when he was homeless and hungry, and had given him a position. The trainer was not always an easy master; he was more often harsh and overbearing than gentle; but Drifter felt that he owed him much.

As the days and weeks and months passed, the boy learned the ways of the trainer, and grew less and less afraid of the wild animals. It was an eventful day for him when he first dared to enter the cage of the lion and stroke his shaggy mane.

At first Mr. Tempster did not like this intimacy between his animals and his chore-boy; but, in time, he saw that it made Drifter more useful to him, and he said nothing. He could throw more and more of his work upon Drifter.

But the ambition had entered the boy's mind to become a great trainer of wild animals, and on every occasion Mr. Tempster was away he devoted himself to the work of coaxing the animals to go through certain evolutions. He never used harsh means to accomplish this; his own tender heart prevented him from striking or prodding the creatures to do his bidding.

Thus for two years he had practiced training the animals secretly, and he was looking hopefully forward to the day when he might obtain a position as trainer, which would give him the absolute command of the circus ring performers.

It was not Drifter's fault that Mr. Tempster had failed to give entire satisfaction to the owners of the great traveling circus. Either through slothfulness or drink the trainer had neglected his duties, and the animals were learning no new tricks and only indifferently performing their old ones.

One day he caught Drifter in the act of putting his favorite fox—now wounded by an accident—through a performance, and instead of reprimanding the boy, he said calmly:

"Well, you do it good enough to go in the ring. I guess I'll let you do the teaching hereafter, an' I'll take the credit for it all!"

He laughed harshly and turned upon his heel.

After that the boy trained his pet animals more openly, and taught them many new tricks, which Mr. Dempster took up and adopted after the animals were broken into the work.

"You'll make a good trainer some day, an' then you'll go with another circus," were all the thanks Drifter received from this new service.

But it was enough. It encouraged him to persevere in his work. In a short time he had every animal in the cage devoted to him. His invariable kindness and patience had won their hearts, while the harsher methods of Mr. Tempster caused more or less sullen rebellion.

Outside of the big animal tent, Drifter knew little of what was going on among the circus people, for they very seldom ventured into his quarters. So one day when he looked up from his work of putting the leopard through a new trick and saw a man standing back of him, he did not know that it was the manager of the circus. But he stopped instantly, intuitively guessing that the big stranger was a man of authority.

"Go on, my lad; go on," he said, in a voice that was not unkindly modulated. "You are doing splendidly."

Thus encouraged, Drifter put the leopard through all of the tricks he had taught it, directing the animal so skillfully by gentle words and motions of the hand that its natural grace was ten-fold enhanced.

"Bravo, my lad! You do it well! Will any of the other animals perform tricks for you?"

"Yes, sir; all of them," Drifter replied.

"Bring them out, then, one by one, and let me see them do it."

The boy was anxious to please the stranger, and he exhibited his skill so successfully that he was surprised at his own accomplishments. After half an hour's hard work he stopped. The stranger was looking intently at him.

"How old are you?" the man suddenly asked.

"Eighteen," Drifter replied.

"Humph! Eighteen? Well, it's remarkable. I never heard Tempster speak of you before; but you must have been with us for some time."

"With the circus, you mean? Yes, sir; I've been with it three years."

"Then you ought to know our needs," the man added, a moment later. "I'm going to give you a chance to exhibit in public. To-morrow night I'll give you a chance in the ring to put these animals through their tricks. Report to me at four, in person, and I'll give you further instructions."

Mr. Tempster was away that afternoon and did not appear until night. He knew that his animals were in safe keeping, and so he worried little about them. Drifter could hardly contain himself until then; he wanted to tell somebody of his good fortune.

He dreamed of all sorts of successes, and he mapped out his future life. He would be introduced to the public, and he was sure he would attain fame. He would become the greatest animal trainer of the age, and win money and applause. All he needed was a chance to demonstrate his abilities before the public, and here was his opportunity at last.

Then he fell to picturing the circus ring, the sea of faces that would surround him, the bright tinsel and apparel of the performers, and the elegant garbs of the spectators. He wondered if he would feel any stage fright.

It is possible that he forgot some of his duties that afternoon in day-dreaming of his future success. Certainly he was late in feeding the animals, when Mr. Tempster entered the tent. The man walked unsteadily, and for a moment Drifter thought that he was under the influence of liquor. But when he caught sight of his face he knew that something was wrong. He was deathly white, and his brow was drawn into a scowl.

Drifter looked at him in pity; his state of mind seemed so opposite to his own. It was impossible to convey his glad tidings to a man suffering from some secret anxiety.

So he kept the matter to himself all that night, and went through his routine work as usual. The trainer was quiet and taciturn, and several times he made mistakes in handling the animals that would have been decidedly annoying had they been exhibiting in the ring.

The following morning Drifter sought out Mr. Tempster, after feeding the animals, and he was surprised to find the man in a state of utter collapse. He looked up at the boy for a moment and then said, in a trembling voice:

"I'm done for, Drifter; I'm done for."

The boy was so taken aback that he could not speak.

"I've brought it upon myself, too; I've no one to blame," he continued, burying his head into his hands. "I've been neglecting my work, and leaving everything for you to do. These animals will do more for you now than they will for me. I don't own them any more. By rights you should be their trainer. I wouldn't mind it so much if they were going to put you in my place; but to be fired for some other fellow that never had any of the training of the animals is too much. I love them a little, after all—yes, a good deal."

Drifter recovered the use of his voice at this juncture, and asked:

"What do you mean, Mr. Tempster? Are they going to get a new trainer?"

"Yes; I'm discharged after to-night—that is, I suppose I am. The manager told me yesterday, when I returned, that he had a new and better trainer in view, and that he would give him my place in the ring to-night. I'm to look on and see the new fellow win applause; then I'll be told to leave."

For a moment Drifter's face blanched white, as a terrible suspicion entered his mind.

"It's too hard on me; I don't deserve so much as that," the man continued. "I've been neglectful, but they might have given me warning. I've a wife and four children and they'll have nothing to live on if I lose my job. It ain't easy to get another position as trainer. It's more'n I can stand."

There were tears trickling down the man's cheek, and the boy tried to console him.

"It might not be so bad as that," he said. "Maybe the other man won't suit."

"You don't know the manager. When he's set on takin' a man he'll take him. He's got hold of some good trainer, an' he knows a good thing when he sees it. And do you know, Drifter, you'll have to go, too, for I, and not the manager, employ you?"

The boy's face flushed, and his eyes dropped before the trainer's steady gaze.

"But I'll speak a good word for you," Mr. Tempster said. "You've been a good helper, an' I'll try to get the new man to take you. I think he will. I'll try it."

"Thank you, Mr. Tempster," Drifter said, with a little gulp in his throat.

"I wish I had somebody to speak for me; but there ain't anybody who would take the trouble."

"Yes, there is," the boy replied, quickly.

"Who?"

Then, seeing Drifter's earnestness, he added, with a smile:

"Yes, I know you would, Drifter; but I'm afraid the manager wouldn't consider it of much account."

"We'll see. I never met the manager but once, an' then I didn't know him until he had left."

It was a solemn afternoon in the big menagerie tent. Mr. Tempster went about his duties with a sad, dejected countenance, and Drifter was almost as quiet and serious in his demeanor. He asked for leave of absence at four o'clock, and then did not appear again that evening.

"Well, the boy deserves a vacation," the trainer said, as he prepared the animals for the ring, "and I'll gladly do his work for him to-night. Maybe it will be my last chance."

He wondered why the new trainer did not appear. He would certainly want to familiarize himself with the animals that were to perform tricks for him. No man would be such a fool as to exhibit with new animals without seeing them beforehand!

Nevertheless, the time came for sending them into the ring. He drove them in and placed them in their positions. Then he waited for developments.

Suddenly from one of the side doors emerged the new performer, and, walking lightly toward the center of the big tent, he made a low obeisance to the audience. There was loud applause, for it could be seen that he was only a boy.

Mr. Tempster looked for a minute at his rival and then muttered aloud:

"Drifter!"

The gong clanged out notice for operations to begin. Drifter led out Sly, the leopard, and started to make him jump through a hoop. The animal made a clean leap, and returned to his former position. Then the performer spoke sharply to him, and rolled a barrel into the ring, accompanying the action with a sharp snap of his whip on the leopard's nose.

The animal jumped back with a snarl and refused to be pacified. Drifter ordered and threatened, but the animal became unruly, and had to be taken out of the ring.

Next the boy snapped his whip close to Tom's trunk, and ordered the big elephant to dance. But the beady eyes snapped, and the trunk swayed uneasily. Picking up an iron hook he prodded the surly animal with it. The elephant screamed with pain, and raced around the ring like an angry bull.

After 20 minutes of desperate labor, the whole menagerie was involved in difficulties, and there was danger of an uproar. The people began to grow anxious and excited. Then the manager stepped down from his box and ordered Drifter back to the dressing-room. Mr. Tempster was called to subdue the excited animals and make them go through their performance as usual.

When the circus closed at midnight, the trainer looked in vain among the cages for Drifter. It was an hour before he found him, curled up on a heap of blankets. The boy had been crying. Mr. Tempster looked at him a moment, and then said brokenly, as he lifted the boy up:

"I saw it all; I saw it all. It was noble of you; but it must have been hard—very hard."

The boy gave vent to a sob.

"I shall never forget it, Drifter, an' I wouldn't have permitted it if it hadn't been for my wife and four children. I said to myself that I needed the position more than you did, an' I will keep quiet."

He wound his arm around the boy, and continued:

"You'll get a position some day as performer, an' then you'll show them what you can do."

"It isn't that," Drifter sobbed. "I didn't want the position, when I found they had to turn you out. But it—it—was so hard to hit them—poor Sly, an' Tom, an'—they'll never forgive me. They looked so surprised and hurt when I snapped the whip at them. I—I never did it before; but I had to—to—make them unruly, or they would have obeyed me, an' then—"

"I would have been discharged," interrupted Mr. Tempster. Then in a voice that choked, he added:

"It's more than I deserve, Drifter—more than I deserve."

But Drifter, homeless and friendless, wound his arm around his neck, and whispered something in his ear that made the man say audibly:

"My boy, yes; I have five children now and I shall love them all."—N. Y. Ledger.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Peters, of San Francisco have studied law together and were recently admitted to the bar.

Prof. J. W. Johnson, of Oregon state university, who died recently, crossed the plains driving an ox team with his parents in 1850.

During the last 25 years the number of college students in the country in proportion to population has increased over 100 per cent.

It is a mistake to suppose the insurgent leaders in the Philippines are not civilized; one of them is a graduate of a Paris school of engineering.

The will of the late Rowland Hazard, the wealthy woolen manufacturer of Rhode Island, includes a bequest of $100,000 to Brown university. The testator was a member of the Brown corporation.

Prof. Agar Beet, a distinguished theologian of the English Wesleyan Methodist church, recently wrote a book in which it was asserted that the souls of the wicked are annihilated at death. His church has made him promise not to teach or preach the doctrine.

The Irish Presbyterian church has rejoiced in a steady increase in every department. During the past ten years the number of families has grown from 79,991 to 83,857 and communicants from 103,449 to 106,602. The ministerial force is 656. There are 9,076 Sabbath school teachers and 104,754 scholars. The total contributions for all objects during the year amounted to $947,485, of which very nearly $100,000 was given for missions.

The annual statistical return to the "Alliance of the Reformed Churches holding the Presbyterian system" show that there are 80 distinct churches throughout the world, including such bodies as the Dutch Reformed church of South Africa, with a total membership of 4,627,149 in 29,634 congregations. In England, since the synod was constituted in 1876, the number of congregations has increased from 271 to 327, and of members from 34,146 to 162,044.

VENETIAN GLASS.

Its Fragile Beauty and Exquisite Coloring Is Unsurpassed by Modern Art and Workmanship.

Venetian glass owes its extreme thinness and lightness to the want of lead in its composition. All the ornamental shapes were blown, and owed their beauty to the skillful manipulation of the worker, whose delicacy of touch and artistic taste were often a heritage from generations of glass-blowing ancestors. The most prized of the Venetian productions was the beautiful "vitro-di-trina," or lace glass, generally known as filigree. Of this there are two kinds, the "ritorto" and the "reticelli." The former was the less elaborate, and consisted of a single tube twisted and given a spiral direction, the ground of the vessel being of a different color. The "reticelli" designs were more varied. Sometimes the twisted tubes were powdered with gold and made vertical, horizontal, diagonal or curved; indeed, every variation was given that ingenuity could suggest or fancy devise.

Aventurine glass was invented by the Venetians, its secret being discovered by the accidental dropping of brass or copper filings into a pot of melted glass, which resulted in the diffusion of gold specks or threads throughout the mass. Its name is said to signify adventure, or resulting from chance—a word half Italian, but coined probably for the occasion, to denote the peculiar variety. Marbled or variegated glass was made to resemble chalcedony, jasper, lapis lazuli and tortise-shell. There was a kind of green and purple which became red by the transmission of light. A frosted glass which showed an icy coating was made by dipping the vessel when half blown in pounded glass, the particles of which readily adhered to the warm mass, which was reheated and wrought into shape. Sometimes pounded glass of different colors was used with fine effect upon the same object. These, with delicately gilded glass and some ornamented with jewel patterns like those of Damascus, formed the principal kinds of Venetian glass, which was too thin for engraving and could rarely bear enameling.—Orlena L. Shackleford, in Woman's Companion.

Pelican and Duck Fight.

Dueling between men has long gone out of fashion in England, and it is left to nations and lower animals to settle their differences by an appeal to arms. In Kew gardens, in the presence of a considerable number of spectators, an affair of honor was settled between a pelican and a duck. The birds had had words together, so to speak, and the pelican determined that the next best thing to making the duck eat his words was to eat the duck. So, after a little thrust and parry on the water, he made for the smaller bird and snapped it into his pouch. Then a battle-royal began inside the pouch of the pelican. The duck struggled, kicked, quacked, and occasionally managed to get a leg or a wing outside, while his captor threw his beak high in the air, then dipped it into the water, and kept it there, as if trying to suffocate or drown its enemy. From the look of the agitated pouch, it seemed as if the contest was by no means one-sided, but that the pelican was having rather a rough time. At last the duck got his head and one wing out, and then, with a magnificent effort, managed to get entirely free. Once again on the water the duck declined further combat and fled, while the pelican remained looking as if honor were thoroughly satisfied.—London Telegraph.

Many Old Maids There.

Ireland and Scotland are said to have the largest proportion of unmarried persons.

FASHION NOTES.

Coats and Costumes That Will Be Popular for the Winter Season.

An attractive evening costume is made of light pink veiling. This goods is dotted with silk dots. The skirt is trimmed with two rows of ruffles at the hem. The bodice, full in the back, is made to fit the figure, while in front it is quite a little pouched. It is finished about the low neck with ruffles of the material. The sleeves are laid in puffs and extend well over the hands. This is worn over a taffeta silk of the same color.

Long coats are to be very popular for autumn and winter. Being made of lightweight goods for autumn, they will not be as cumbersome as heretofore. They are both graceful and stylish.

Taffeta silk is a favorite material for evening wear. A very handsome dress is made of light blue taffeta and chiffon of the same color.

Velvet will be a favorite material for autumn wear. Not only will it be used for wraps, but entire costumes will be composed of it. It will be of light weight, which is a great advantage.

One of the latest fads is making up of black lace or net over white, the foundations most popular being white moire or satin. Some costumes of thin white goods over black are also seen, and the somberness of this combination is relieved by bright velvet at the waist and neck.

Ribbon still remains popular as a trimming, especially for millinery. The combinations of color are rather startling, but that does not count. Fancy braids have been popular for millinery, but are slowly giving way to other materials.

White and very light tints will be worn very late into the autumn. A dress of white duck is made with a jacket and a double skirt, the upper skirt forming a pointed apron, which covers about three-fourths of the length of the front. The skirt and jacket are trimmed with heavy guipure lace, headed by gimp in which silk cords are woven.

We are promised the next thing to an inundation of cut jet, steel, and, indeed, beads of all descriptions. Specially elegant are the cut jets, than which no more superb garniture was ever made. Jet is becoming to almost everyone, and when appropriately used is the queen of trimmings for style and effectiveness.

Steel beads, buttons and ornaments are among the most attractive of garnitures, but they rust at the first attack of dampness, and then are not only extremely unsightly to look at, but are a menace to everything in their vicinity. Handkerchief, collar or any portion of the dress material coming in contact with them is hopelessly discolored. Efforts have been made to coat steel with some preparation that will prevent such damage, but thus far with very little success.—N. Y. Ledger.

NEWS TO HIM.

A Detroiter Who Was Not an Adept in Distinguishing Insane Persons.

Happening to be at the seat of one of the state insane asylums, a Detroiter who likes to see and learn all he can, attended one of the dances for the patients. What surprised him most was the difficulty he found in distinguishing between those who were rational and those who were not, and he was more chagrined than amused when several whom he met were evidently trying to find out what was wrong with his mental machinery.

At length he was introduced to a woman who particularly interested him. He convinced himself at once that her eyes were supernaturally bright, and her conversation soon convinced him that she was equally bright. All this made him pity her the more and he set about in his most diplomatic way to discover what form of mania possessed her. Subjects and persons were discussed till he thought he had about exhausted the material, when he happened to speak in rather flattering terms of the doctor. At last he had touched the hidden spring. She beamed upon him as he sang the doctor's praises. She added approving sentiments of her own and adroitly drew out the praise which seemed so welcome to her. Her eyes grew even brighter and her tones were unmistakably those of affection.

"Doctor," said the Detroiter, "a little later, "I don't know whether you are aware of it or not, but that handsome patient of yours over there in the heliotrope silk is hopelessly in love with you. She'll be making an open declaration, trying to elope with you or doing something else equally embarrassing. I never saw a clearer case and I thought I'd just warn you. She's dead gone, I tell you."

"Delighted to hear it," laughed the doctor. "That's my wife."—Detroit Free Press.

Goodness by Suggestion.

A young mother I met recently had a theory on the bringing up of children which has at least the merit of being distinctly novel. "I never punish my little ones," she said to me. "I simply wait till they are asleep, and then I talk to them, not loud enough, you understand, to wake them, but in a low voice. I tell them over and over that they must be good. I 'suggest' goodness to them, as the hypnotists say, for I think the mind is just as susceptible to suggestion during natural sleep as during the induced hypnotic unconsciousness. I concentrate my mind on it, and I am confident that before long all mothers will adopt my method. It is the only way to bring up children." And really, her children are no worse than anybody else's.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HUMOROUS.

He—"A woman says no when she means yes." She—"No!" He—"Aha, then you admit it?"—Detroit Journal.

"Is he really so eminent?" "Well, I'll tell you: He never indorses a patent medicine with less than a three-column cut."—Indianapolis Journal.

Omens.—"To snuff a candle out accidentally is a sign of marriage." "Yes, and to turn down a lamp intentionally is a sign of courtship."—Chicago Record.

Another Way of Putting It.—"Have you heard of these bunco schemes for extracting gold from the sea waves?" "No—some sort of submarine mines, eh?"—N. Y. Journal.

In Forgiving Mood.—"Do you recognize me, sir?" "I do not." "I expected as much. I am the wretched man who eloped with your daughter five years ago. Take her back, sir, and all will be forgiven."—Life.

In the Morning.—Staver—"I don't understand how the front door came to be ajar this morning. I'm certain I locked it up tight last night." Mrs. Staver—"Ah, if you locked it up tight, that accounts for it. I suspected as much."—Boston Transcript.

Guest (in restaurant)—"Did you wait on me yesterday?" Waiter—"Yes, sir. You ordered a medium sirloin steak; will you have the same thing again to-day?" Guest—"Yes, I guess you may as well bring it to me again if it isn't in use."—Chicago Daily News.

Why He Was Late.—Manager of Museum (angrily)—"You are half an hour late, sir, on the first day of your engagement." Prof. Mussell, the Strong Man—"Well, I had t' walk slow, so as me wife could keep up wid me. She wuz a-carryin' me 300-pound weights."—San Francisco Examiner.

MONEY BY CHANCE GAMES.

Government Lotteries in European Countries and How They Are Conducted—Large Sums Secured.

In the Prussian budget of receipts and expenses for 1898 is one item which must seem rather unusual to American financiers—82,000,000 marks (the equivalent of about $20,000,000) from authorized governmental lotteries. In Prussia the lottery is operated under the direct authority of the state. There are a number of prizes of 500,000 marks, and it is an annual affair in the line of revenue raising. In Italy this year in the annual budget for 1898 was the item of revenue of 65,000,000 lire from lotteries, about equivalent to $13,000,000 in American money, and it is somewhat curious that in nearly every country of Europe, with the exception of France and Belgium, lotteries as a means of revenue raising are the rule rather than the exception.

Denmark made last year a profit on its lotteries—a net profit over and above expenses—of 1,000,000 crowns, equivalent to about $400,000. In Holland, too, there is a state lottery, the net proceeds of which are figured each year at 659,000 guilders, or about $300,000. Portugal is another European country which recruits its revenues from this source. In the year 1897 the Portuguese lottery gained 1,750,000 milreis (nearly $2,000,000). But Portugal has at least some justification in its adherence to lotteries by reason of the fact that the finances of that country are in an unsettled condition, that creditors are pressing against it, and that the expenditures have, for a number of years, exceeded considerably the revenues.

In the European countries lotteries are state monopolies, as much as the sale of stamps or of cigars and tobacco, and the government makes usually a considerable profit from them. The Spaniards are great believers in the advantages offered by lotteries, and the financial plight of that country now being most serious, there will be started soon under the auspices of the Spanish government a great lottery scheme, the receipts of which, minus the prizes, will be turned over to the government for its needs. Circulars are being sent out, and it is expected that 500,000,000 pesetas, or about $100,000,000, will be netted for the government. There are five capital prizes of 500,000 pesetas each.—Chicago Tribune.

He Revised His Prayer.

Little Archibald was saying his prayers, the other evening, while his mamma was stroking his curly head and thinking of something else. Suddenly it struck her that the child had wandered from the text of the supplication that he had been taught to repeat.

"What is that, darling?" she interrupted; "go over that part again, please."

"Give us this day our daily pie and cake and forgive—"

"Why, my love, that isn't right," the surprised mother broke in; "that isn't what mamma taught you to say."

"I know," little Archibald replied, "but I don't want any more daily bread. I'd rather have pie and cake, and when you're prayin' for things you might as well ask for what you want the most."—Cleveland Leader.

Logic.

Mr. Wiggles—What is that queer-looking musical instrument over there?

Mr. Waggles (promptly)—That is a hewgag.

"How do you know it is a hewgag?"

"Because I don't know what a hewgag is, and I don't know what that is, so it must be a hewgag."—Somerville Journal.

An Evasive Passion.

"Geraldine is writing a book. She calls it 'How to Win a Man.'"

"That would not do any good in the world. The mystery is how to hold onto him after you have won him."—Detroit Free Press.